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PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play

... By ...

JOHN W. HARDING

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(Continued)

"I know it is true, Joe, and so do you. I wanted to go to mother without having all this talk, but now that we have to talk let's be frank with each other and with ourselves. And you try to appreciate the truth as much as you are able. To begin with, it seems that I have been alone in not realizing how worthless you are. My father when we were to be married warned me not to take you unless I thought you indispensable to my happiness. You know that every one else put it a little more bluntly. But I thought I loved you—I'm sure I did. Now it seems utterly beyond belief. But then it must have been love. I mistook your egotism for a deeper sentiment, a determination of purpose, and I thought in my girlish way that the things you preached about socialism, the cruelty of the rich and all that meant that you were noble, self-sacrificing, even brilliant. Now I

know the difference. You fight capital? God sometimes is kind to a fighter, but he can't have much use for a man who whines."

"You believed me then, Emma," he said, brokenly, "you know you did—now you know you did."

"That's the wonderful part of it. I've always believed you till tonight, and now I know I never should have believed you. You've always been a liar, and you've always been dishonest at heart. Your incompetency, the way you were distrustful by your employers, I thought was hard luck, injustice. But now I know that you never were and never will be the least bit of good to yourself or any one else. You married me to help yourself. You tried to disgrace me to help yourself. I was willing to meet the situation, but you couldn't, and tonight you wanted to sell me to help yourself. I pity you from the bottom of my heart. I think I've told you the reason why I cannot live with you any longer."

She rose. "Emma," he supplicated humbly, "it will all be different. Let me start out again. Give me another chance. I'll never lie to you again, and I'll never take a cent that isn't my own. I promise you I won't."

She shook her head. "Oh, yes, you will. You can't help it. Captain Williams told me tonight that a woman who was good couldn't be bad and a woman who was bad couldn't be good. It's that way with men. One who is inherently honest could never be dishonest, and one who is inherently dishonest could never be honest. You are both a thief and a liar, and there is no hope for you. You've struck the downward path, and you'll keep on going until the end. If you ever had a chance it was with me, and you've thrown it away. I'm sorry, more sorry than I can tell. Goodbye."

He leaped to the door, which she was about to open, and placed his hand against it.

"Emma, you mustn't go. You can't go. I will not let you go."

"I will go, and I request that you will open the door," she said firmly.

She grasped the handle, but he put out his arm and forced her away.

"Enough of this tomfoolery!" he cried, with a savage scowl, following her up menacingly as she staggered back. "I'm your husband. I order you to stay here, and here you will stay!"

"It only remained for you to strike me!" she gasped.

"Strike you! I'll strangle you if you ever dare to try to speak to me again as you have done this night. I've borne with you and humored you and put up with your insults too long. What I did was for you, and you know it. What you did, about which you are giving yourself such airs, is no more than any wife would do for a husband who'd acted as I did. That's all there is to it, and I don't want to hear any more about it now or at any other time. I'm master in this house, and I'm going to remain master."

"You are not my master, and you can't frighten me with your threats," she retorted. "Open the door this instant!"

He grasped her roughly by the arm. "You take your hat off and go to bed," he ordered, pushing her toward the bedroom. "That's the best place for you."

"Never!" she panted, wrenching herself free and grasping a vase on the table to defend herself with. "If you make one step toward me, you coward, I'll scream for help."

Rushing at her, he seized her by the throat and hurled her on the sofa. His fingers tightened their grip, choking all utterance.

"You will leave me, will you?" he cried, shaking her with all his strength. "Leave me! Leave me! Then you will leave me dead!"

He did not hear a knock nor the opening of the door that followed it. A hand gripped him by the collar, and his own grasp of Emma's frail form relaxed. The hand swung him round and sent him reeling across the room.

"What's the matter with you?"

He looked up, startled, at the face of a man who stood before him, his hand on his forehead, his eyes fixed on Emma.

"What's the matter with you?"

BROOKS? "HE'S IT GOT TO WITH BEATING NOW?"

Smith stood looking at him scornfully.

Emma struggled up, more dead than alive.

"Oh, Jimmy," she cried, "he tried to kill me because I would not stay with him!"

"All right, Emma, you go now," he replied.

"You stop here!" commanded her husband furiously. "What does this mean by interfering in my affairs?"

"I guess that man has a big claim on your gratitude," said Smith. "That's two escapes you've had tonight—one from the penitentiary and one from the electric chair. You're a whole lot to be thankful for if you only knew it. Brooks, but it looks like you don't."

Emma had reached the door and burst out without looking back. Her husband would have rushed after her, but between him and the exit stood the tall form of Smith, and there was something in Jimmy's look, in the lines that had tightened about his mouth, that caused him to hesitate. He had never imagined that the kind, genial face could take on such an expression. The eyes had become hard and forbidding, and under their keen gaze the man's feeble courage wilted.

"Brooks," said Smith, "you have no more rights. You relinquished them all under the terms of your deal with Emma, and you have been paid in full. Of course if you repent of the bargain Captain Williams, as a party to the contract, may be induced to cancel the receipt and leave the matter as it was earlier in the evening. I will get him on the phone in a jiffy if you say so."

A smile so sickly, so distorted with baffled rage, that it became a hyena-like grimace, flickered on Brooks' visage.

"I see," he said. "You've all turned against me now you think I'm down. Well, as you like. Consider I've been paid in full. I'm agreeable. I've done nothing but slave for her for five years and been kept down by her. I didn't send her away; but, seeing she's going against my wishes, she'll stay gone. It lets me out. In future, I'll only have myself to think of, and you bet I'm going to do it."

"That's up to you," retorted Smith sentimentally.

Without saying good night he turned and left the room to rejoin Emma, who was waiting for him at the bottom of the elevator shaft.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WASHED with rain, the stars, "forgetfulness of the angels," blinked timidly from the sky of violet blue.

The moonlight flooded the country, percolated in soft, refulgent cascades through the spruces and hemlocks and traced with its witchery weird arabesques in the glades.

On the road that ribboned through the forest and up from the lake walked Emma Brooks and her sister Beth, the latter grumbling.

"You are the queerest girl," she complained. "No one but you would think of coming out in such weather—not a soul. My shoes are so heavy with mud I can hardly lift my feet."

"Oh, I just had to! I love it," replied Emma. "I simply could not stay indoors. I know now what a bird must feel like when it is caged. You must humor me, little sister. I have been born again—awakened to a new life. My soul, snatched from the swiftness of worldliness, of sorrow, of baseless, that seared it, must expand or burst. My life for so long was depressed in the fog, like that we came up through today to emerge at last into the brightness of the mountain tops. It is hard to realize that I have left all this behind and am free in the light."

"You certainly have had a hard time of it with that beast," admitted Beth, stopping to take breath.

"Listen!" went on Emma. "Don't you love that chorus of the frogs and the grasshoppers? I think there is something weirdly exquisite in those noises of the night that we do not hear in the city, that I have not heard for ages and ages. Oh, I wish the woods here were full of the old world nightingales that the poets say 'feed the heart of the night with fire, satiate the hungry dark with melody.' don't you? And don't you love this incense of the soaked earth and its verdure? It lifts me to the clouds there that drift like silver snow past the moon."

She laughed aloud in her light heart, and the joyous peal went echoing through the wood.

"Lor', Emma, how you talk!" said Beth, marveling at her sister's exaltation, which she did not understand. They trudged on and upward in silence through the mud, past cheerful lights that glowed through windows of bungalows and cottages among the trees, until they came to a miniature dwelling ensconced in a bower of laurels.

(To Be Continued)

BAND BOYS ON MAUI.

That portion of the Royal Hawaiian Band which left for Hilo by the last Mauna Kea are now being entertained on Maui. The band boys left the Big Island by the Mauna Kea and they proceeded to Lahaina. The musicians contemplate returning to Honolulu by the Claudine.

"Why are you mad at her?" "I met her on the car today and she said: 'Oh, let me pay your fare!' and I said, 'Oh, you mustn't,' and she didn't."—Houston Post.

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